

# ReZ

October 2021

Blue  
Kodaly  
Caldwell  
Rust  
Boccaccio  
Mesmeriser  
Mills  
Mahogany





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read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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**About the Cover:** Whenever Graylon Ash would play his signature tune, Raffri's Bananaphone, the audience would spontaneously put on their bananas and frolic in the good times that were always present whenever DJ Gray would spin. We loved that he loved this song so much.





# In Memoriam



# Graylon Ash



## 2021 Spooky Strides Halloween Event in Second Life

October 22nd to The Witching Hour of Halloween

Spooky Strides is having its 1st annual Halloween Event in Second Life from October 22nd to October 31st, 2021. This spectacularly spooky Halloween event will be bringing the Second Life community a spooky fun event that will be supporting Making Strides Against Breast Cancer, an American Cancer Society campaign. The Event will feature a Halloween Amusement Park along with merchants, exhibits and entertainers. Join us as the community comes together to support finding a cure for breast cancer.

If you want more information about our website, you can find us at <https://www.spookystrides.org/>





COME TO THE SHEWORTHY PUB!!!!

WHERE THE MUSICIANS COME TO PARTY!!!!

THE  
SHEWORTHY  
PUB



WHERE FRIENDS AND MUSIC COME  
TOGETHER FOR FUN AND AN ESCAPE FROM  
YOUR FIRST AND SECOND LIVES.

SECONDLIFE/TROPICAL/143/94/21





# Banana

(and other fond  
of DJ Gray





phone

remembrances

(Lon Ash) Jami Mills



The show on September 3rd began much like the other 600 shows that Gray and I teamed up on over the past 13 years. Gray was setting up the contest board, and I was putting some last-minute touches on the furniture. A few regulars dribbled in, but we both knew it would take a good half hour before things really began to swing. But this evening was different. A sizable crowd had already arrived early.

Gray's stream was in full stride and before long, that soothing baritone cut in with his signature opener: *"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you for joining us this evening. I'm Graylon Ash and I'm here with our beautiful hostess, Jami, and we'd like to welcome all of you to another edition of Friday Night Live, wherein we celebrate our survival of yet another week of all the crazy, crackpot, and downright messed up things the world has thrown at us. We'll do our best to entertain you tonight, and as always, be sure to enter tonight's contest and win a linden or two. At any rate...."* And we were underway.

On that night, just four days before his death, there was something special in the air. You could feel it from the beginning. All the familiar friends and happy faces were there. And it grew and grew and grew. "Gray, at what point might we worry about crashing

the sim?" He laughed and reassured me we were okay. Gray was inundated with requests. The crowd was possibly the largest we'd ever seen before, so large, in fact, that I was compelled to shoot some video that evening, something I'd never been inspired to do before. It was electric, and at the end of the evening, both Gray and I were spent. Gray had given everything he had that night. Little did we know that this would be the last edition of Friday Night Live that Gray and I would ever work again. The longest continuous party, running every Friday night over a span of 13 years, had come to an end.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in 2008, there was a larger-than-life empresario named Reyne Botha. He had created a lavish sim (at a time when that wasn't an option for many), and he loved to throw parties and entertain his many friends. I believe it was on Reyne's sim that the Crystal Rose was born.

I was a relative newcomer in this world, but I was having so much fun at Reyne's sim. Gray and I thought we'd give it a try being a DJ/Hostess pair. People responded. Eventually, the Crystal Rose lost its lease and Gray asked me if I wanted to throw my lot in with him and keep the Crystal Rose alive. You can't say no when an



opportunity like that presents itself.

I thought we'd freshen up the name a little and started calling our weekly gigs Friday Night Live. We struggled at first. I had to use my entire Rolodex every event and usually spent the first hour of each party sending out personal invitations. It was an enormous amount of work, and exhausting to boot, but the one thing I refused to do was send out a mass-mailing "Dear Friend: C'mon down to...."

Gray had a feel for the crowd that is unsurpassed by any DJ I've ever heard of. I'll tell you, as a hostess, there are definitely waves of energy on any given night, and Gray used to ride those waves and always come up with just the right song to match the moment.

It was Gray's idea to have a theme each week. That was a kick for both of us. We rotated them around but wouldn't get very experimental. Whenever we would have a "blue theme," Gray would take that opportunity to turn the evening in a blues fest, which would always favor his favorite, Stevie Ray Vaughn (but Joe Bonamassa was a close second).

One of the songs that Gray single-handedly popularized was Raffi's *Bananaphone*. It just made Gray laugh



out loud. Eventually, guests would don giant bananas whenever Gray played it. Although *Bananaphone* had dropped out of Gray's cycle lately, he did recently dust it off, and hilarity once again ensued. He followed it up with another mainstay, *Love Shack*, which he would always dedicate to me because he knew how much I loved it.

Gray was a consummate performer, with range. He felt equally comfortable spinning at Frank's at a formal venue, a blues joint, a volunteer event, a hip club, or back at Friday Night Live.

Gray liked living on mountaintops, living most of the time I knew him in North Carolina. We'd talk barbecue and blues, and he didn't stray far when



he moved to South Carolina. Living the rural life, his internet connectivity did not set the gold standard, so there'd be nights when we just did the best we could. Weather was usually the culprit.

When you're with someone in the trenches for 13 years straight, you develop a profound trust in them. Gray was a remarkably centered human being. He was born a Southerner and knew how to charm people with his drawl. He had one simple goal: to make people happy. That's what he lived for. A rockin' party was what elevated him and inspired him to reach for just the right song.

Okay, we have to talk a little bit about Gray's lighter side. He was always confident enough as a DJ to venture off the path, from time to time. Some nights it would be long, rambling passages from a Monty Python skit and other times, his irreverent *Happy Birthday*, obscure Russian opera, polkas, whatever happened to be on his mind.

And, of course, he popularized his signature, "Say It, Play It." All someone had to do during the course of an evening was to mention a snippet from a song lyric, and those cunning ears of Gray would pick it up, and Gray would promptly play it.

Gray loved requests also, and often

he'd be scrambling to field all of them. He rightfully boasted that he had only been stumped once when asked to play a particular song, and that was back in 2007. I'd never seen him give up on a request as long as I've known him.

Gray had a gift. He could make you feel at ease, have a shot of Jack Daniels with you, tell you a story, and empathize. In 13 years, we never shared an uncomfortable moment or expressed sharp words. It was simply impossible, such a lovable lug was he.

At the end of each evening, Gray and I would exchange a hug and give thanks for the wonderful friends and the good times we shared, week after week. "You done good tonight, Gray," I said. "You too, m'lady," and that was the last time we spoke.

We are diminished by his absence. There will never be another like him. I miss him terribly.



"Thanks for all the wonderful times, Gray. We had an epic run."

. r — e — z .



# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





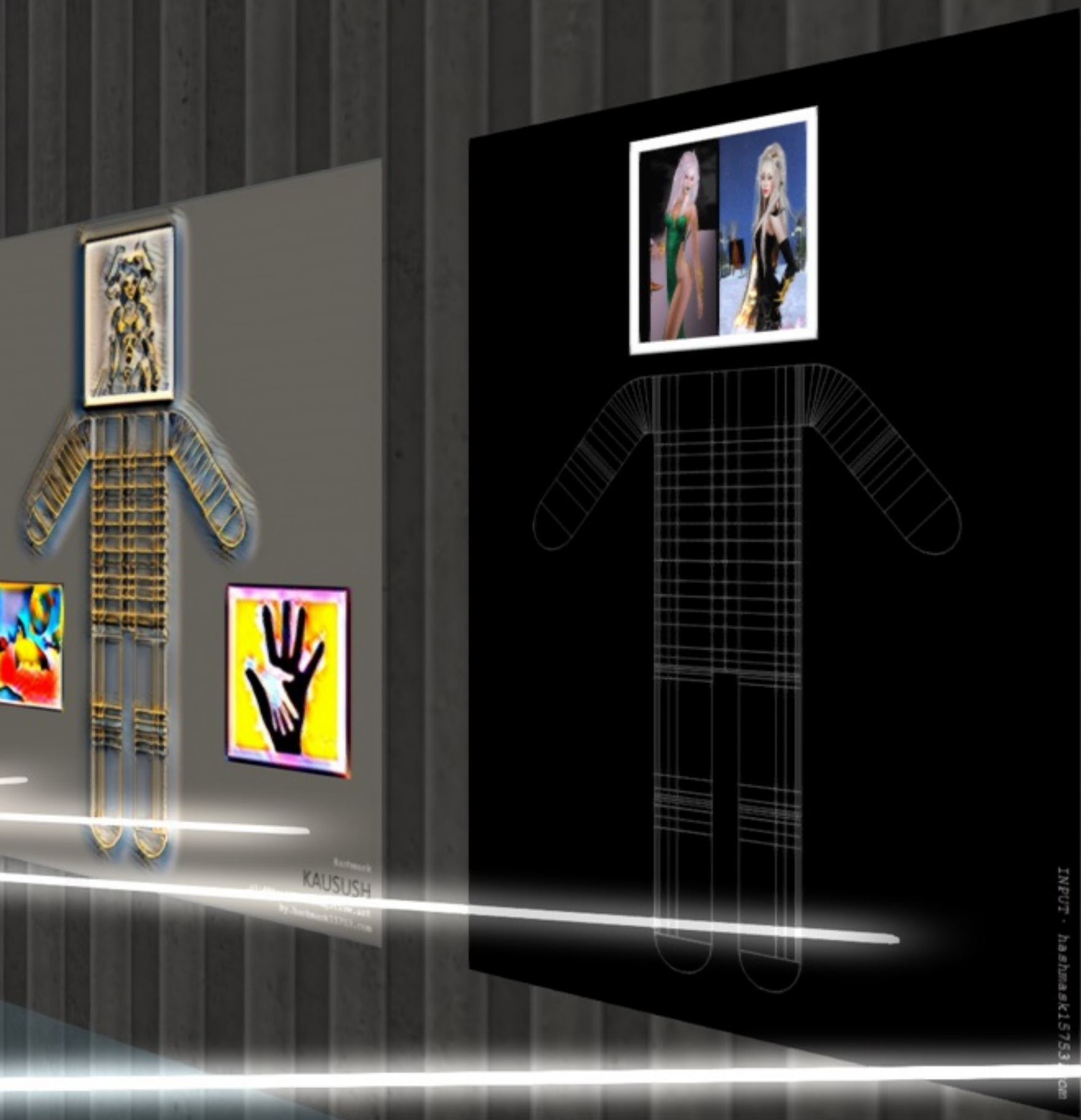
# Derender Me (C)

## Art Blue





# (Part One)





## The Construct

This story starts as an odd one. The story is hard to read. You need up to one hour to make all the story's sound files crawl up into your mind -- and if you are not in the mood, then even more. You may need to listen to the tunes a few times until your brain clicks in. You will need to read the story again and again, year after year, until the effect of the nanobots happens and you get the lift to derender me. On top, to make things worse, the story is a true one. "There shall be no true stories in *rez Magazine*," Jami Mills told me once. "They take the imagination for what the magazine stands. It stands for a virtual, for a second life." Only sharp thinkers, philosophers and people made for the future can stand *Derender Me*. Later, in some decades, nothing in *Derender Me* will be new. Then the story will no longer seem odd. Then it will have become an artefact. You shake your head, you wonder, you laugh? You are right. Some artefacts are just odd. Who gives a damn what Wahtye, the High Priest of Pharaoh Neferirkare Kakai, has left for us in his grave 4,000 years ago when you can order right now a seat in Blue Origin and travel to the Gods of Jeff Bezos, to a place next to the stars where Wahtye has been dreaming of.

The Truth in Derender Me, the

Wittgenstein of religion, is a true challenge. Best to have an Eraserhead ready. You know the drink I advertised more than once. Two terms, each of them a wormhole on its own, are not made for the average person. With a trick I can make it. I call the Truth a Fake. Wittgenstein would love it. He



said, "I am my world."

Let us start with Paul van Dyk and a call *For An Angel*. A compilation that takes only three minutes to bring you in the state of "I am my world." Shall I link to a compilation of 1998? The



blogger, The Sauce Whisperer, comments on it, “Depressing that these times are all gone. The best era in human history.” No, I go for the 2019 live event Shine on Ibiza before I soon go to the harder stuff.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kWiU9uZUw2c>



(3 Minutes)

The word religion comes from a Latin word that means “to tie or bind together.” Modern dictionaries define religion as “an organized system of beliefs and rituals centering on a

supernatural being or beings.” What will I bind together? Think for a moment. If you derender me, if I teach you how to do it, to derender the most complex brain ever, a brain called Art, then surely I can derender you. Are you ready?

There are readers who feel a story with their heart and don’t care much for an understanding. They are most welcome. For them I have For An Angel in an orchestral compilation.

[https://youtu.be/gAKy\\_R1XUBI](https://youtu.be/gAKy_R1XUBI)

(6 Minutes)

I sense you want to hear more.

<https://youtu.be/gvivmXSgBLA>

(5 Minutes)

Watch how the musicians smile when playing Mozart for techno. No longer do you need to follow the construct with your brain and analyse the logic. Why bother to understand how Derender Me will bind the different levels that define life if you can feel that things are right? When you smile and follow your belief then it is meaningless if Derender Me points in-world, out-world, between-worlds or to after-worlds. That goes with Wittgenstein, who said, “Only describe, don't explain.” What you need is strong visions and we go on with Chrome - Visions in a Blutengel remix. <https://youtu.be/bphUhln3-iU>

(5 Minutes)



Earlier I spoke of an Eraserhead. You have now time to prepare one. Listen loud to the tunes when you dance around the slice of lemon you have to cut and the sparkling water from Italy, the Pellegrino brand. Don't forget the drug. Don't forget the ice cubes. I hope I don't have to tell you what drug you need to place on the ice cubes. Stick to the ritual. Have a look into the Sand Bible. You don't have the Bible at hand? If you promise to buy a copy of Not Sand, Not Sound later then enter z28.t3326.com in your browser and get the substance. That's just a hot fix. Remember, you will have to read the story *Derender Me* again and again, every year, so next time you will be ready to perform the correct ritual. I know you still may not have the Sand Bible at hand, In which case try the five movements shown in OA, in Original Angel. Here comes the blueprint, performed by OA activists in front of Trump Tower.

<https://youtu.be/vlRNnC7GupQ>

(2 Minutes)

But life is not all about dancing, right? Darkness awaits us. That is the First Proposition of *Derender Me*. The Blutengel construct of darkness begins with the words, "All my life I have been waiting for you."

<https://youtu.be/sfN6kRAd2bQ>

(4 Minutes)

*All my life I've been waiting for you  
Waiting for you  
I felt so incomplete until I met you  
Darkness awaits  
You feel so lost in this world, just like me  
Just like me  
I want the pain to stop, just like you  
Darkness awaits us [ ... ]*



You have read similar words a dozen times. You have heard similar words in different variations. You have seen the truth and the lies in them. I will not go the easy way and call "Save our Souls." Blutengel has this construct for

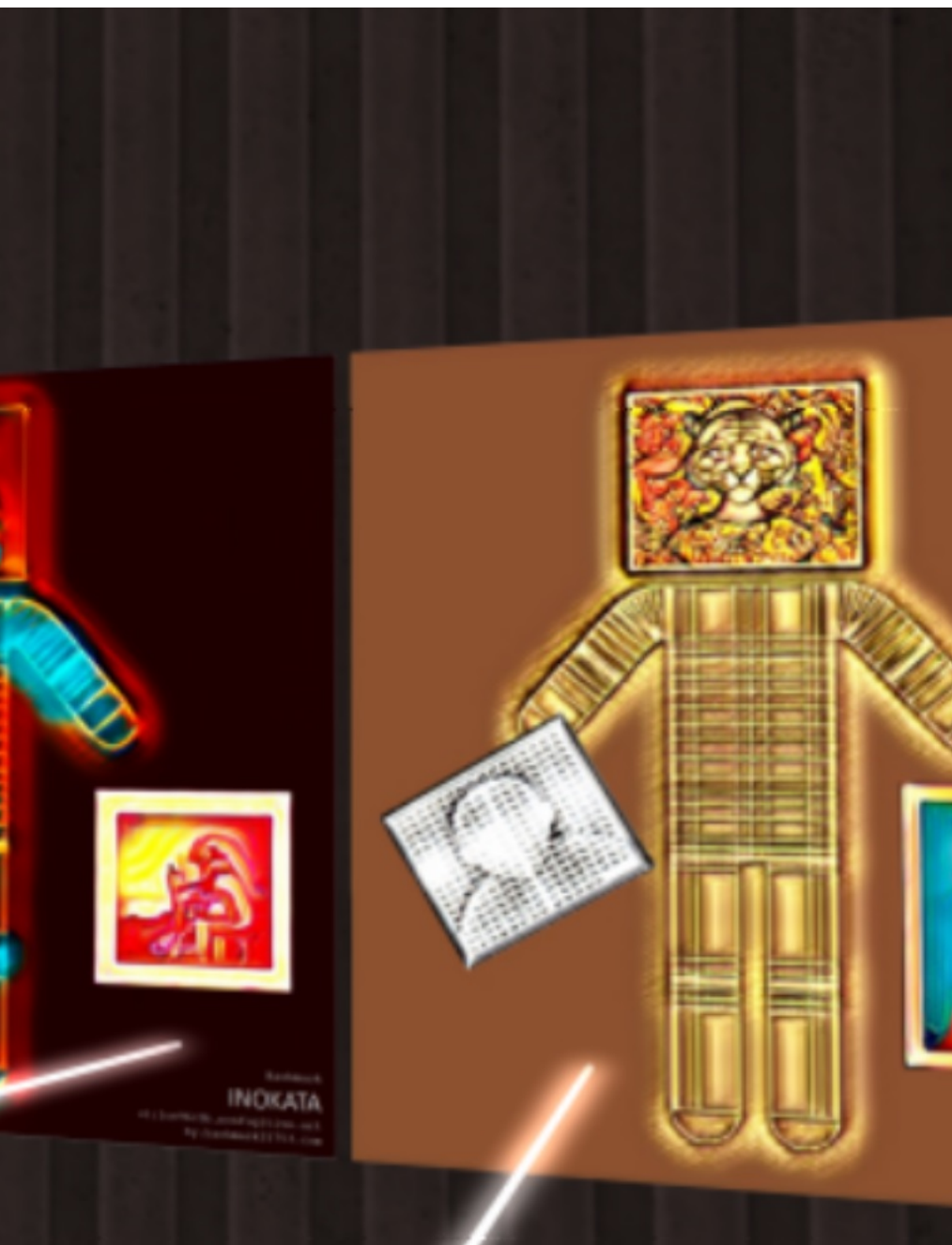


the ones who have given up, the ones who don't want to log in any longer. In this case, you shall not read further. All you need to do is just press EXIT after you have listened to the song.

[https://youtu.be/i0WwF\\_bVhZU](https://youtu.be/i0WwF_bVhZU)

(4 Minutes)

There's nothing wrong with going for



the EXIT. Wittgenstein says, “The real question of life after death isn't whether or not it exists, but even if it does what problem this really solves?” I see you go for my construct, the odd one, else you would have been gone by

now. I know why. The tiny words “to log in” made you stay, right? It can't be a boring life when I bring you behind the screen. In Art you trust. Over the years I took you on adventures, shared dreams, made hopes out of despair, started a rocket in your mind, made you meet an ALT you married and now a story shall follow that is called Derender Me and this one shall be an odd story?

Sadly, it will be called in 30 years an odd one. Your grandkids might say, “The language Art is using gives me headaches. Why does he not clearly state, User, After-user and Ident-Unit?” and to destroy your belief in Art completely, your great-grandkids might say, “And by the Lords of Kobol, he forgot the Resurrection Cycle.” Depending on the mood operator in elastic pea brain, they might go even further and say, “Life is on a blockchain, grandma. You told me that you get your pension now in uniper. Have you forgotten? Universal Performance Coins.” Surely, you are still witty in your reply and say, “How can I forget that I am on a blockchain? Art told this at times when your bits have not even been allocated.” What you might suppress is that no contract, no ledger has been set up for an infinite server space at elastic pea. Your parents could not afford to make you into an early mover. After AWS elastic beanstalk went from data to brain



management, prices exploded. But the lottery made it. You have been lucky to get more space. At this time, you would not have understood that space allocation comes with the need of elastic performance; you are always mining faster than others so an offspring is possible. It was the Mondrian Day when you shouted with the masses, “Give me one terra! It’s Mondrian Cheers Day!” Times long gone. It was the time of The Artefact where all started in January 2014.

<https://issuu.com/artblue/docs/theartefact>

Instead, stating that you are not suffering from Alzheimer’s (as it was played in The Artefact), you may say to the leader of the pack, “You are a child of love.” Then you play the song by The Shangri-Las, the one your grandma loved to listen to when telling stories of machines long gone.

<https://youtu.be/Q8UKf65NOzM>

(2 Minutes)

Expect a strange reaction when your great-grandkids see Jimmy riding the bike. You may have to face a tongue sticking out without the winking eye animation, the HUD version of a “:P” – but if you get it worse, then hit back, “Your mother was the last generation of a kind, before life went on blockchain. The last hybrid. We spoke of love at this time, not of chain-IDs. Don’t make me do strange things.”

Then you will do the winking, you send the “;P” before you show that you know how to deal with coins. “I may find the power to empty your pocket even if I must wake up Satoshi Nakamoto. Now bring me my tea so I can forgive you, my child.” This will reinstate you like CyberXStrike in the



story of the Goddess of Gaming. And when you get in return big eyes in non-belief and you are asked in a low voice, “You know Vertigo?”, then just nod and whisper, “All I have to do is to ask him to release one of the first 50 unused bitcoins so your uniper coins poof and I am the last one with real



bitcoins.” Then make a strategic pause, which you have learned in my stories when Art tunes in. The human brain needs time to get the impact of Art and a simulated one is not different when dystrophic and surreal data come together with the nanobots of an Eraserhead. Take a moment, sip your



tea and then let it out, “... and I have altcoins too, you not!” Then you look to the owl on your desk. Secretly, you have managed to get the remote control in hand so the owl opens his eyes and says with the typical knocking voice, “Vertigo. Vertigo.”

This keyword spoken twice by the owl will generate the chills, region-wide, sim-wide. The world will run on halt, Busy Beavers will stop for a moment digging in the sand; in other words, mining will pause, the New York Stock Exchange will rumble. You laugh? Read what will happen when a tiny portion of the first 50 bitcoins will go on the open market.

<https://www.businessinsider.com/bitcoin-creators-30-billion-destabilize-crypto-market-coinbase-risks-2021-2>

How “Vertigo,” spoken with the knocking voice of the owl, affects your brain you find in *Swordcoder*, published in *rez Magazine* April 2017. There I made you feel Enigma. I made you feel the sword. You see regular readers of *rez Magazine* profit so much. It gets easy to follow my stories. But for the ones who have never heard of *Swordcoder*, I have *The Birds* by Alfred Hitchcock. You can still watch it. The horror-thriller is in the National Film Registry the United States Library of Congress tagged as “culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant.” That’s for the chills as I bet you did not hear the knocking voice either. Not everyone is meant to get immersed in no time. Only you know that the owl dealing with altcoins has become an artefact on your desk and the code is no longer running with the needed speed to rollback a blockchain. Never heard of Vertigo? Today you



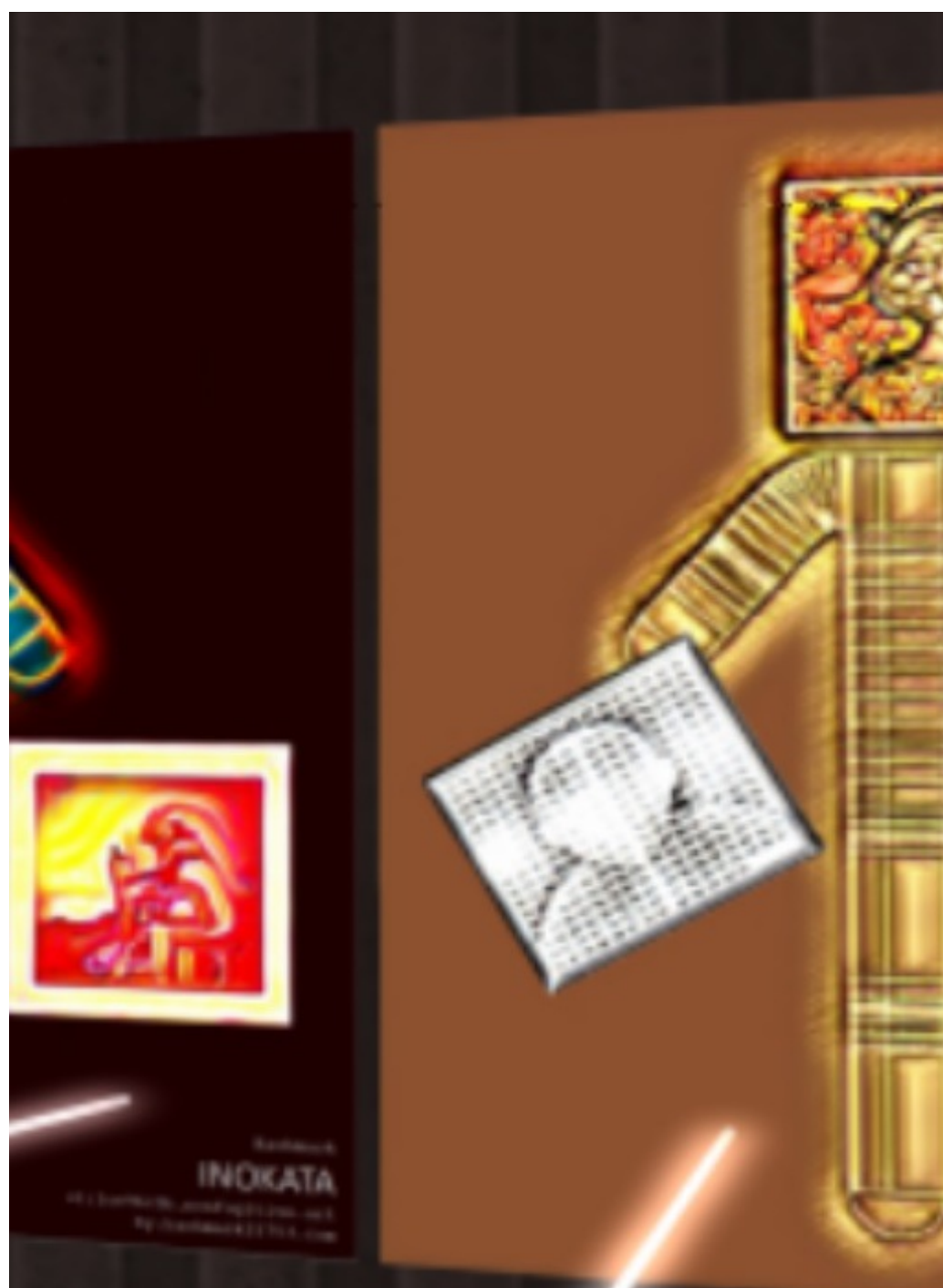
will find out.

## The Contract

I offer you a contract to experience the ultimate story, to find The True Me in you. In Hal Duncan's *Vellum*, a swarm of nanobots is needed to ensure when you enter the Blue Room where it all happens at once. The bots are called bitlice and have the power even to affect Enoch, the Angel Metatron. The keeper of the Cant engraves with them a digital DNA in a stream of dark blood. Can you take right now a portion of nanobots that will code you? Has the time come? It has. No longer it shall be difficult to get them. You will get them around the corner, at the car wash when you wait for your car to get clean, at the bus station when you wait for the bus to arrive. I heard it will come when you visit a dentist, then it comes with a teeth cleaning. And the best, the bots come for free with the fifth shot, or maybe with the tenth. Time flies. You know the saying. In case you are a follower of Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia, you understand that my words link to his main works, *Light of the Intellect* and *Book of Desire* (Sefer haKheshek). You may be among the first who get after the standard shots the first one of a kind, the Light of the Intellect. The messenger ribonucleic acid sequence is so tiny that only your brain reacts to it. It passes the blood-brain barrier. For

all others who may have never heard of the philosopher, I copy words you find in Wikipedia:

“Abraham Abulafia describes the experience of seeing a human ‘form’ many times in his writings. However,



initially it is not clear who this ‘form’ is. As the dialog between the mystic and the ‘form’ proceeds, the reader understands that the ‘form’ is the image of the mystic himself. Addressing his students and followers in Sefer haKheshek, Abulafia further



elaborates the scenario: “[A]nd sit as though a man is standing before you and waiting for you to speak with him; and he is ready to answer you concerning whatever you may ask him, and you say "speak" and he answers [...] and begin then to pronounce [the



name] and recite first "the head of the head" [i.e., the first combination of letters], drawing out the breath and at great ease; and afterwards go back as if the one standing opposite you is answering you; and you yourself answer, changing your voice[.]

Apparently, by utilizing the letters of ‘the Name’ with specific breath techniques, a human form should appear. Only in the last sentence Abulafia suggests that this form is ‘yourself’.”

Why wait for the bitlice injection to see the ‘form’ when I have the construct right now? The story of life needs the right character, one you identify yourself with. This person shall be male if you feel like a man. This person shall be female if you go as a woman. Some go by a variation and there are a lot of them. You may remember *Avatare Me*, where questions of the right settings, the gender, are in focus. Whatever I choose, you will not feel immersed if I don’t get you fully, if I don’t hit your inner core. Life theory says that you must act on free will. But listen, my construct works also if you don’t act on free will. You are a character, right? That is all it needs for a go. Take a bite

of science now. <https://youtu.be/OjCt-L0Ph5o>

(2 Minutes)

What you see in the video is now verified. Doing happens before the thought of it happens. Thinking just supports doing. Benjamin Libet was ahead of time. Don’t worry that Free Will does not exist. I will fix this. At the end, you will find out why you don’t have to worry. You may go with



Meher Baba. Don't worry - - Be Happy. Meher Baba was a spiritual master who claimed to be the Avatar, the God in human form. The last 15 years of his life he used ASL, the Art Sign Language. It is a coded language in which you realise the absolute oneness of God. Take a break, listen to Chrome, In my world. You may seek Meher Baba while you listen to the tunes. <https://youtu.be/10sAX20u1tM>  
(4 Minutes)

The character I offer is a morpher. I am a morpher. A morpher can take every personality. You can slip into every scene. You immerse in a life. You may be Helena, the Greek Goddess of Beauty. You may be Odysseus, the great Greek warrior. You may be a beggar in the streets of Athens. Athens is in Georgia, right?

That was a test to see if you give the text the needed attention. It is about your life. Kelly Girtz would love it. He was an art teacher; now he is the mayor of Athens. He took the virus seriously and opposed the Governor. He joined Black Lives Matter at a time others were hiding behind their desks. You see, there is no need to stick to the old times, to the old lands, to lands of history, to Sparta and Athens, where the Gods had chosen to play with the humans. The play goes on. "Happy Games! May the odds be ever in your favour." Now you can log in from any

place of the world and create beliefs on your own. The bitlice nanobots will make your way. You will generate the story of your life. The ultimate story. The story you may picture in your dreams. You can become Gachabuddy so you will know what gifts to get that



others are dreaming of. I make your dreams come true. So, what is wrong with the story?

I shall take more time to come to the point, but I know you feel that you have waited long enough. One reason



is that you will forget the story after you log out. You experience life and then darkness awaits you? That's really odd. That is a reality you really don't need. Jami Mills is right. Good that I listen to her, so I will deal with this. The next point is that if you can predict



how the story runs, then there is no story needed. That is more difficult to take because it leads to the fact that Zeus, the God father himself, did not know how the future would look. He says what he knows to the other Gods and demonstrates his power, but fact

is, he does not know his own future nor the future of the entities he controls. Why is it so? That is the checkmate question. I give you time to work on it. I hear you breathing and saying, “OMG. Why he can’t just tell?” OMG. You googled for Zeus? What did he do with his father and his mother? Right, he threw Cronos into the Tartarus, which stands for an ever-burning Hell and he took the powers of his mother and forced married her so also she would not tell that Zeus does not know the future.

## OMG

For what OMG stands in the now? Google it. Google will give you a follow up on questions you recently had. In case you googled earlier for uniper coin, bitcoin and altcoin, then you get an answer to the question that Google thinks you may have made up in your mind as a hidden one. Google will hit you with: “Is OMG coin dead?” The answer comes next to it “No, the OMG Network is currently ranking number 43 of all coins out there and has an optimistic future, based on many predictions.” [August 4, 2021.] This comes when you google the term OMG. You see how fast God is forgotten in digital times. But not everyone has forgotten for what OMG stands.

<https://youtu.be/XXoRoLdXnvU>  
(4 Minutes)



The reason this story will be called an odd one is because pure logic is boring. Also understanding is boring. This song is about God and deals with the question, "How to enter Heaven." When you see what the German rappers are doing to solve the question, you know that logic does not help. Maybe a translation is needed?

<https://lyricstranslate.com/en/omg-omg.html-2>

A simple word explains it - - why after thousands of years no progress was made. Logic is not wanted if the outcome does not look suited. No one wants to hear it. Maybe I shall wait until you have experienced the outcome by yourself? This advice comes from Wittgenstein, to skip any theory, to give just the facts, facts you can touch, things you can point to. That brings me back to music. That brings me back to code. That brings me to Blue coded music.

The reasons I still have not told you clearly build the foundation of OMC. For what OMC finally stands is on you. Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Cloud? I give you time to sail on the seven seas so blue.

<https://youtu.be/Y98RgdW6-qM>

(4 Minutes)

Maybe OMC stands for the One Man Church? One man, one Belief?

<https://youtu.be/UtOXmAGzCiw>

(3 Minutes)

*If Joan of Arc  
Had a heart  
Would she give it as a gift  
To such as me  
Who longs to see  
How an angel ought to be*

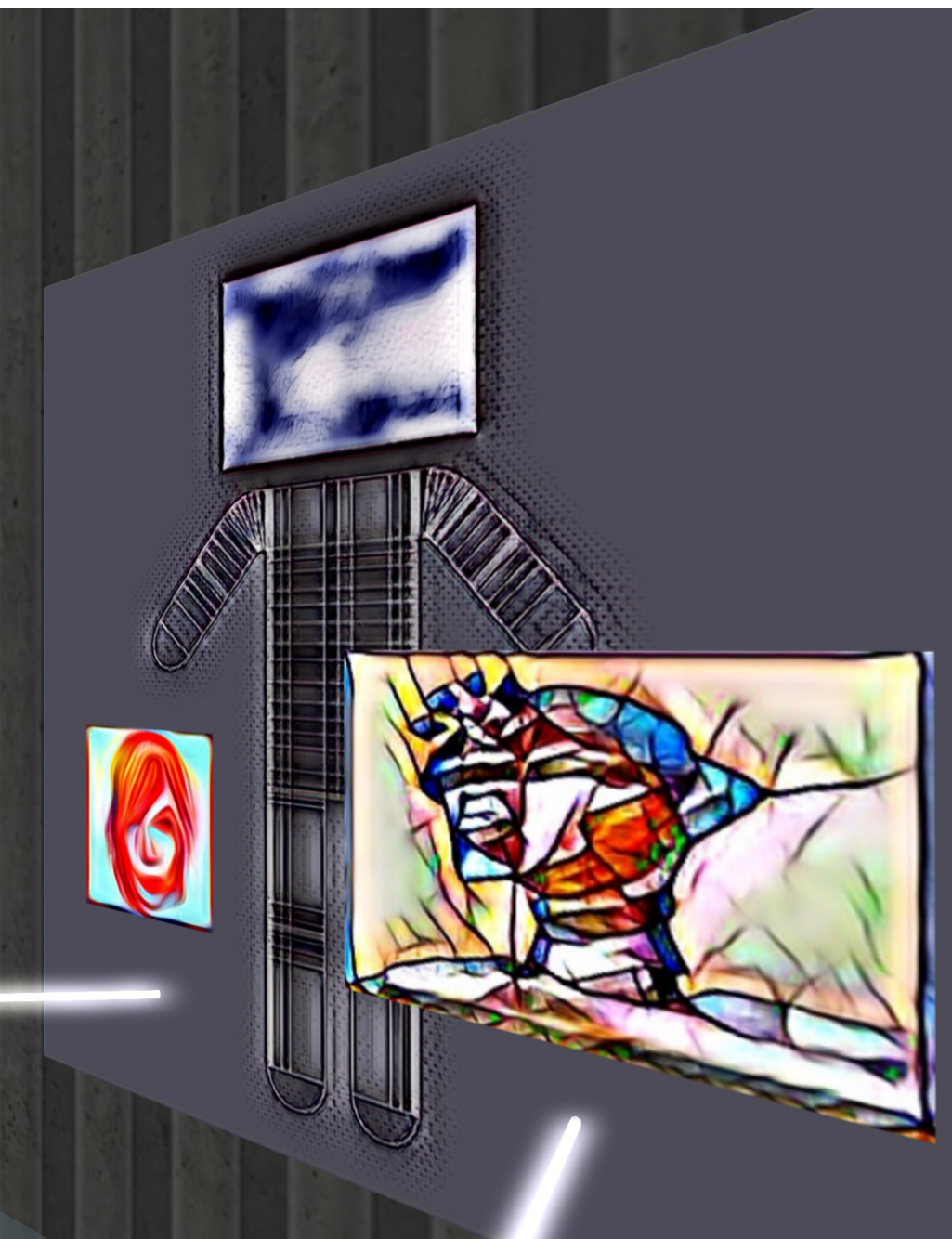


*Her dream's to give  
Her heart away  
Like an orphan on a wave  
She cared so much  
She offered up  
Her body to the grave*

I know you have a sharp mind. You



got it. OMC stands for Oh My Code. Otherwise, you would have stopped reading by now. You missed Enola Gay, the most famous song of the band? You missed the Bomb? Here it comes. Enola Gay is not only the most famous song of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, it is also the code for the



Superfortress.

One layer of the fortress that protects your character is that after a session ends, the memory of it is lost. There is a long story, an epos where the foundation of this understanding comes from. Later, I will give you a

hint where you can dig deeper to get this first layer. The epos is old, it deals with Gods and the fight of mankind. What needs to be done is that the supernatural elements that are in the old stories need to be transferred into actual times. This I do and I condense it for you. To follow the stories in the original old Greek language will take you ages, so bear with me when I just state it now as a fact. Another layer, which is more difficult to understand, as the first layer has holes in which OMC can place golden Nuggets into the story, is more difficult to grasp. Golden Nuggets is a term that has its origin in after-death experiences reported by Dr. Michael Newton in *Journey of Souls*. In terms of life, it is the question if anyone can predict how the story will run. On a deeper level, it is the former you steering the actual you, but in a way the actual you mostly doesn't notice. In case you notice, then the term "déjà vu" is used, mainly to devalue the experience. Only one thing is for sure: the story is real. No matter if you believe in Zeus, in Gods and Goddesses, or in a single God, or in one split in three parts. The story is the same, the one you are meant to go. You live in the now. This you hear day by day, live in the now, but you don't do it, right? You log in to get a different now. Have you ever thought this way? That when you immerse, that when you rez, your new now changes by your actions? Isn't that awesome



that you can be in a world where you have the key in hands? Where you can decide to walk or to run fast by pressing CTRL-R and these movements don't happen before you have been thinking of doing so? You don't even need to think. In my construct, you do what you are meant to do. Some people live in a special set of mind. You may read in their profile, "I don't like to take the lead. That is not my nature. That's why I am here." They call it the freedom of the collar. I call it the freedom of the code. The Bible is a code, right? You know how Abraham qualified himself as a believer? Surely your answer is Isaac and The Binding. But do you know that Isaac's name means, "He will laugh?"

You might have been wondering about words of Abraham Abulafia written down in the Prophetic Kabbalah about 1,000 years ago. Words so difficult to understand in times where virtual lives have been above the paygrade of a normal human. Best to give word to another spiritual leader to deal with free will. A short word by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh aka Osho about the thoughts of anger. In case you have a mesh body, you may know that there is a face animation where anger is being controlled by a HUD. This sort of anger does not have to stay in you. Anger transcends; it stays outside the mind. <https://youtu.be/bq4tCivIkHw>

(5 Minutes)

Osho is controversy. Nevertheless, the idea that there is a screen between your mind and your emotions is worth some thoughts. Can it be said more simply? The Klingons say in *Star Trek*, "Revenge is a dish best served cold." Anger is a dish you look at and you click on it when you decide to let the code run. `"/1 draw sword"` is the hidden command given in local. Prepare yourself well for this step. Detach all attachments that might cause lag. Best use a bald head. Hair costs a lot of lag. Reduce render distance. Reduce complexity. You may know that this is just half of the text book of a good fighter. But what you do first? What is the first step, the one before the first? Why Osho speaks of the screen? There is a nice picture in Wikipedia called, "The Osho Drive By." You will see his





followers standing in a row alongside the road where he drives by in a car, giving this way his daily audience. Yes, it is a Rolls-Royce where he looks through the windscreen to you. It is said he had in total 93 of them. Now



you know before you go to battle to give your anger room, you deposit your coins in a decentralized banking system. It is called, at least in 2021 in the world of Second Life, zCS. It supports Gold, Silver and Copper. Be a smart ass and deposit only Gold. Keep one Silver and a few Copper on you. You never know how a battle ends, and when you are interrogated and even tortured, then you can post, "That's all the coins I have. I was recently robbed."

Never lie. You have been forced by my advice to give your money to the bank, right?

My construct is not based on money,

not based on emotions, not pre-coded. It is the first construct where life is not defined by fate. You may say, "Yeah, What a Life! This Life I want. No longer my mum, my dad, my boss, my dog will command me. And no taxes! I go the Osho way, No taxes! Finally, I will be free. I type what I want. I move how I like. I change hair when I want." Let me send you *What a Life* by Scarlet

Pleasure. <https://youtu.be/FjVVqpZw-wg>

(3 Mintues)

I seek such a person, one who truly wants to break the borders of the now. After logging off the alternate now begins. Alternate Now. A domain I shall claim. It sounds good, doesn't it? You seek in the now a millionaire, and the alternate now makes this millionaire real. And this person looks so damn good, has the right age, has good manners (not too good, you know). A gentleman or a lady of high standing can be so boring. You feel my story is a trap. Mostly, my stories end in one. But what if I can help? Now take a break. Take an Eraserhead. The theory has ended and the practice beings.

· r — e — z ·



A



Part One: Through



A photograph of a cluttered desk or table. In the background, a green puppet with a long neck and a red bow is visible. To its right is a target with a rabbit illustration and the text 'BIRTHDAY BULL'S EYE'. On the desk, there are several colorful boxes: a yellow one, a white one with a black 'C', a green one with a red floral pattern, a red one, and a yellow one. A small white card with a picture is also on the desk. The scene is set against a wall with a framed picture and a circular decorative object.

# Puppet's Tail

## Annie Mesmeriser

gh the Looking Glass



I made my decision and how I was going to do it..... I wanted to be a DJ, so first I would enroll in Junior College, take a few guitar lessons, toss in a Philosophy 101 class for a lark, but mainly take a TV Production course adjusted slightly for my urge to DJ. As it turned out, the TV class was taught by the sister of a fairly recent Miss Texas. Alice Butler was cast for the part with her big hats and elegant pantsuits, lathered in make-up with well-coifed hair somewhere between a modified Texas beehive and a Jessica Rabbit. She was a real-life Barbie Doll with her smile etched in stone and could fan herself when she batted her lashes. But she was sympathetic to my goal as long as I did a few things in the TV studio which turned out to be one of those Universe-speaking-to-me periods in my life. She and I became great friends, her only goal being to help me pursue mine. And she shared many a wild, unvarnished tale of her times on Hollywood sound sets with her sister Mary Lou.

In the Philosophy class, I met someone who was destined to be a life-long friend, an ex-coke-addict-turned-writer and he was quite clever at it; the writing, that is. Paul had long straight hair that hung to his waist, usually wearing a driver shirt with overalls that someone had sewn a Mr. Banana patch on the front flap. I jested with him

about just how humorous that was and he shyly admitted his girlfriend had sewn it on there and that's all it meant to him. The conversation eventually went deeper and I became aware that he was on a Path, one unknown to me, but he was great to be around; clever, witty, and rather intelligent. We made a date together with Luc, a classical pianist who looked like Zappa but talked like Tom Waits, rasping every word. Paul had written a fantasy piece on an airplane trip while heavily sedated and he wanted to record it for posterity. I owned a reel-to-reel Sony tape recorder at the time that easily fit in the passenger side of my '65 purple MGB. Luc failed to show so I offered to do his role too, lowering my voice and rasping his part in that high-pitched nasally tone of his. Hence, "Once Upon a Chunk" was born on tape and still resides in a metal can somewhere collecting dust in my old oaken trunk. I would meet up with Paul again in Florida.

My guitar class was taught by John Knowles. He was somewhat amused by my '52 Gretsch New Yorker "F-Hole" guitar that I had purchased from a lady mortician friend. She and I had shared an earlier class in Death & Dying and she had thrown a party for the class at the end of the semester. After a few drinks, she told me about this old junk guitar in her attic she wanted to get rid of and I wound up









buying it from her for \$45, and really, it only needed a bit of tech work like lowering the strings. And now I had a cheap guitar that played beautifully and was able to produce three distinct overtones when chimed, a rarity for any guitar I've ever owned or seen since. So now, Alice wants me to do an audio interview of someone for one of my DJ projects and I quickly chose Mr. Knowles. I also have that interview on tape hiding in a can somewhere, also collecting dust. From the interview, I learned he had a PhD in Physics from TCU over in Ft Worth and had worked in the Texas Instruments "Brain Trust" for five

years before he decided he was a musician first and foremost. My interview ended on a somewhat mundane question, "So, what are you going to do next?" He tells me he has just written a song especially for Jerry Reed called Red Hot Picker and had sent it to him in Nashville and was waiting for a reply. A few years later, I saw an album in a record store by that title.... John not only sold the lead song and album title to Jerry Reed, he was invited to move to Nashville and was later named by Chet Atkins as a "CGP," or Certified Guitar Player, one of only five so named by the late great Atkins.

The best part of my TV class was the studio. We got to play with video tape recording machines and all the tricks that were available at that time. With a little practice, I was able to "ghost" images on top of each other, a technique I applied to a pickle commercial I "wrote and directed." And Alice kept me busy with fun projects, like writing a story using only music, or audio commercials, like my "Ol' Pard who's 'Mining for Gold' ads for the local radio station.... One day, I saw a happy-go-lucky sort, a long drink of water with a big grin, a fair amount of hair and a cultured goatee, reminding me of Shakespeare as he looked back at me thru his dark glasses from one of the studio windows. Alan and I got to be friends and he excitedly





told me about his new plans, which included dropping out of college. Curious, I had to ask what's so great that he would blow off college in mid-semester. He says he was going to "run away and join a puppet company!" Oh my.... my mind immediately drifted back to the Howdy Doody Show in the 50s with all their marionettes. A wistful grin comes across my face as

he says they are looking for people wanting to be puppeteers. Finally my mind exploded! "Take me to meet these guys!"

This turned out to be the happy beginning of one of my many detours in life.

. r — e — z .



# DEVOTION







# cat boccaccio



**M**y given name is Adolph G. Zenith, though my friends always called me Zen. The “G” means nothing; my parents merely thought it gave my name more gravitas, and lacked the imagination and time, I suppose, to find a suitably, equally formidable middle name to compliment “Adolph”, and that also started with G, George, Gregory, Gerald notwithstanding. So Adolph G. Zenith it was.

You might have heard of the Zenith family. We were frequently in the news for a groundbreaking campaign for science- and bible-backed eugenics. My parents were large, powerful people who tried to live as they preached: God-fearing, white-proud, “true” Christians. Both were tall and muscular, infused with presence and charisma. Hopes for me, their son, were high.

I was not even remotely a formidable child. Instead, I was plagued by allergies, was asthmatic, was very thin with delicate skin prone to dryness and sunburn, and had sparse, ash brown hair. Hardly the model Aryan boy my parents so vehemently wished for.

We travelled the country, and sometimes ventured overseas, attending rallies where my father spoke for hours at a time, sometimes replaced by my mother when he needed a drink or a bathroom break, and I was to stand

proudly behind him with his “stage staff”, looking young and strong in a blue slacks and a white shirt and a blue blazer.

While preaching, my father would often take his jacket off, revealing a short-sleeved shirt, and loosen his tie, to demonstrate that he was a man of the people, sweating, passionate, and powerful; but I was not permitted to remove the blazer no matter what the temperature, because shoulder pads were sewn into the jacket, without which I would look like the underweight, bony, fragile child I was. More than once my mother had to hustle me off the stage before I fainted in front of hundreds, sometimes thousands of people.

They tried to bulk me up with red meat, which I was fed at least twice a day; and some fruit juices which they heard were “cleansing”, but except for potatoes there was not much in the way of vegetables set before me because they personally did not find them appealing. Nothing in my diet seemed to change my core appearance. I was not a poster child for their movement and never would be.

I grew up under a cloud of palpable disappointment, a daily routine of sighs, eye rolls, impatient instruction, and whispered, disapproving comments. I could read at an early age, and was good at spelling, and had a



knack for model building and climbing trees, but not at running, swimming, aerobic exercise, weight-lifting, growing tall and blonde, or understanding or explaining the philosophy of race purity and pride.

My father was not averse to a good whack across my temple with a meaty, open hand if I transgressed, sometimes knocking me to the floor. “It’s for your own good,” my mother would say, as if I didn’t know.

To be honest, I don’t remember much of the dogma or the philosophy of my father’s speeches. I developed an ability to completely tune out whatever came out of my parents’ mouths, possibly as a defence mechanism, since they often brutally smothered or slandered things that were important to me, like my love of rock and roll, my satanic curiosity about parapsychology, my devotion to fishing, and my friend René. To survive long evenings on the stage, to avoid a wallop across the head, to attempt to build a core that I recognized as me, I would zone out and travel in my mind, float across oceans, relive kind moments, play scenes from films in my head, try and communicate with René across the miles.

As a teenager, I was able to worm out of many of the stage performances, if not the sermons and some of the prominent, televised protest marches. I was still thin and unthreatening, but I

was quick and newly certain that everything my parents did and said was wrong, as teenagers are, except that I felt righteous and outraged and on the side of the true god.

Zenith was not our real name. Father had it officially changed when he learned his heritage. “I’m not a Jew,” he said, “not even close, it’s passed down through the mother, my mother was not a Jew.”

“You have Jew blood,” I said, using the only phrase I knew, which now makes me cringe.

I was sixteen, and about to be kicked out of the house. He had confiscated my cellphone and laptop in order to confirm that I had not been communicating with undesirable people, and that I had no porn nor access to porn. I was angry; but more painful than the anger was the loneliness I felt without being able to text René or visit the forums that connected me to a greater world

“I have no Jew blood,” my father said, and his face flushed, and his eyes darkened. I tensed and flexed, ready to dodge a blow.

“Nothing wrong with Grampa’s blood,” I said defiantly. Grampa was a grumpy old thing, dead six years, but he was kind to me, and never hit me but once.



“You’re an ignorant fool, always have been,” said my father.

“Thanks,” I said, and instinctively ducked. For the first time, my father’s hand missed my face. He looked startled, and I felt a surge of power and confidence. This was new to me.

But I was not quick enough to avoid the next blow, which was a closed fist against my upper cheek. I fell to the floor.

“Respect,” my father said.

From the floor, I said the most hurtful thing I could think of: “Grampa’s blood is in you, you are a Jew.”

My father kicked my shoulder, hard, and I fell on my back.

He spoke to me then, in a dangerously low voice, about how the “Jew blood” had been flushed from his system, pint by pint, and he was pure, but somehow bad blood had infected me, his son. I’d heard this before, though hadn’t thought he meant it literally, which he had. “I’m a Jew,” I said. “Thanks to you.”

He kicked me in the mouth, ostensibly to silence me, and that’s when my mother appeared from upstairs, and saw the beating had been taken too far, and banished me to my room without checking where the blood was coming from.

I didn’t ever get my phone or laptop back. And yes, I’d been communicating with undesirable people and looking at porn, so chances are I would have been booted out anyway.

Ten years later, in Portland, Oregon, I met a girl name Addy, and changed my name to Ted (short for Teddy, short for her nickname for me, “Teddy Bear”) Rickman (a family name on my Grandpa’s side), and was able to renew my friendship with René before he died.

As far as I know, my parents never tried to contact me or see what became of me. They continued touring for a while, then settled down with a congregation in a town called Green Falls, which they hoped (according to an obscure news article I found) to convert to an all-white, all Christian community. I heard nothing more, nor do I look anymore.

I supposed I was erased from their lives, and no longer inhabited their consciousness or their memories. They had the kind of minds that could exclude anything painful or conflicting or unpleasant.

I don’t have that kind of mind.

I think of them daily.

· r — e — z ·

# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS







# Drover Mahogany To The Disav

storied streets empty now  
doors remaining closed  
no welcoming bustle  
from human commerce  
buildings towered or blocky  
markers only to past endeavours  
sharper limned by a sunlight  
coldly devoid of human presence

refrigerated trucks side by side  
panicked closing of roller doors  
to deflect our gaze assessing  
from bodies stacked in bags  
shapeless remnants of lives forgone  
intimations of their pain and misery  
disavowed in their abandonment  
to the solitude of dying bereft

but disavowed by whom  
not by the thousand-year  
garbed in inadequate pro  
their struggle desperate  
to transport the lives dim  
in room by afflicted tene  
nor by the nurses on em  
protesting about PPE en

nor in anguished eyes o  
brim full of the mounting  
waiting covered on corri  
their ceaseless caring o  
their continuing separat  
families  
tenuously bound by cell  
and by the feverish sha





# owed

h?  
ard stare of paramedics  
rotection  
e in doubled shifts  
nishing  
ement room  
empty pavements  
ndlessly reused  
of hospital carers  
g deaths  
idor beds for removal  
ver weeks unending  
ion from dislocated  
phone and iPad  
red awareness

of their own mortality prefigured

graven faces of ICU specialists sculpted  
by the discovered litany of a new pathology  
damage to lungs, heart, brain and kidneys  
sensory losses of taste and smell  
eyes gravid with their growing understanding  
of the mortality pending in ventilators  
no disavowal there of what has been  
discovered  
and what lost in the sudden calamity of this  
pandemic

... who then the pied pipers for these  
endless deaths?



# Blossoms to Bees:

## A poem for Zati

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell



photo by EliseEnchanted

I open  
like bl  
excitin  
Kilow  
floode  
overflo  
feeling  
releasi

My dr  
cherry  
flavore  
stickin  
tasting  
collidi  
I press  
black p  
bright  
into sk  
A latex  
from th  
Tempe  
meltin  
to reve  
so soft  
so tran  
blood  
bulge  
each h

Our rh  
as we  
juicy r  
releasi



up to you  
blossoms to bees, penetrating my depths  
drag me beyond measure of BTUs,  
watts, amplitudes rise  
and with lust and connection  
blowing our banks and boundaries  
growing moist landscapes,  
filling their aroma into the air.

licking  
red Popsicle  
red lips,  
licking to you,  
licking tongues  
licking teeth.  
gray silk  
pattern dragons with  
red accents  
skin gripping latex.  
sex that could easily melt away  
the erotic heat we radiate.  
temperatures rise,  
growing away  
real skin  
translucent  
vessels that  
and pulsate to  
heartbeat.

hythms are in time  
squeeze our fruit, for  
ripe succulence,  
filling a bouquet of perfumed passion.

A pulled ponytail reveals  
sensual curves,  
nibbling on tender spots in an erogenous  
banquet of circles  
spiraling down abdomen and thighs  
into singular, circular, moments  
of excitement.

An eruption of one body against the other  
is one neither of us can lay claim,  
because it means so much  
to make each other feel  
so deeply,  
with honesty and sincerity;  
the willingness to give without reciprocity.

You call me your sugar but I'm so much more.  
I'm your scrumptious cupcake,  
my creamy frosting is on your lips  
my cake on your pallet  
My fingers inside you;  
feeding popping fireworks  
into an apex of evenings delight  
with fading streams of sensation;  
feeding exhaustion into the night.

We slip into our euphoric bubble to  
kiss so deeply inside our  
embryonic fluidity and warmth,  
suspended above it all, like an  
out of body experience, seeing us  
from the ceiling like angels in flight  
as the authors of our own story  
at the intersection of  
voracious bodies  
bringing us  
together.

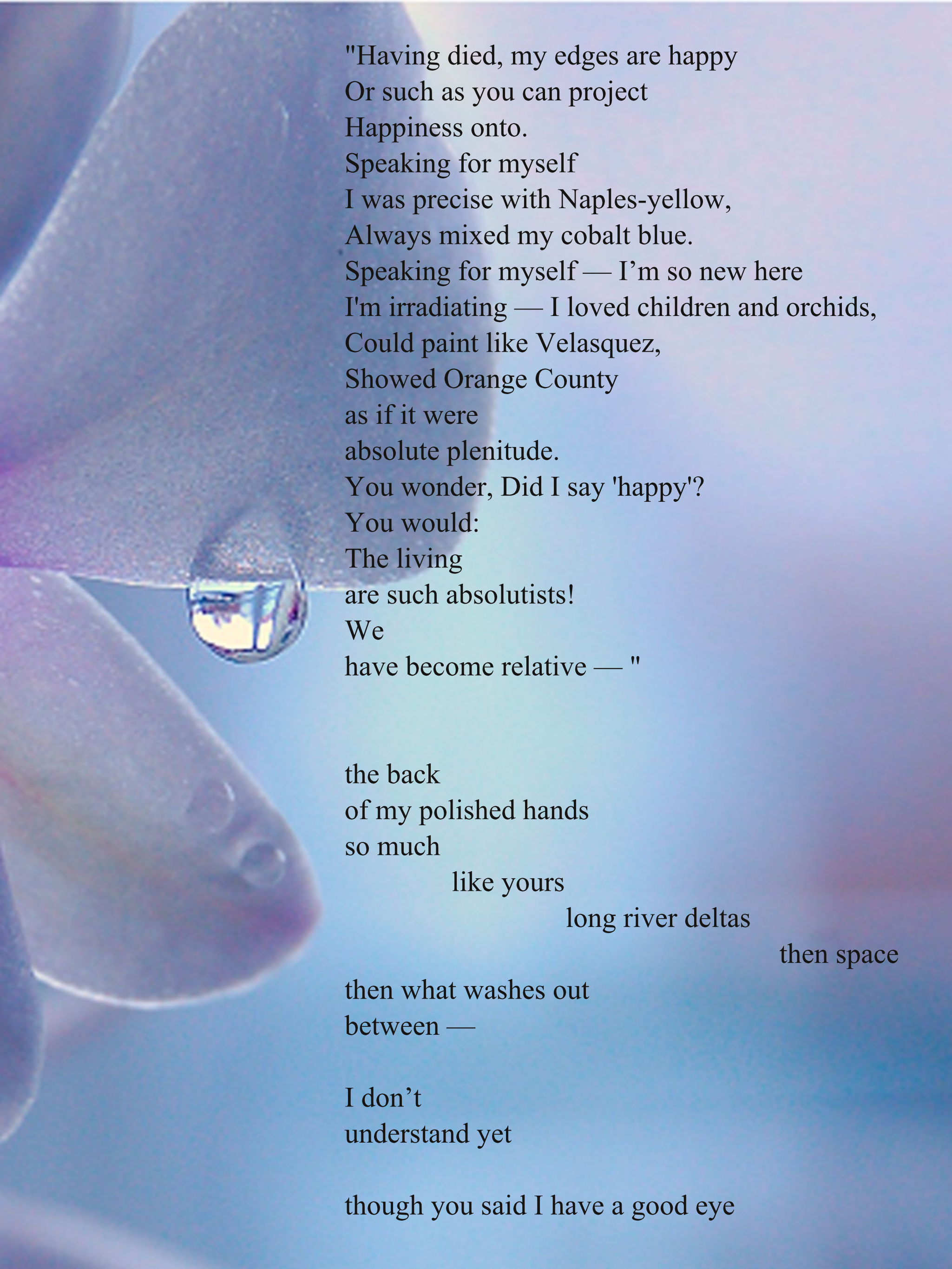


# Orchid Fragment

Zati Kodaly

photo by littlemewhatever





"Having died, my edges are happy  
Or such as you can project  
Happiness onto.  
Speaking for myself  
I was precise with Naples-yellow,  
Always mixed my cobalt blue.  
Speaking for myself — I'm so new here  
I'm irradiating — I loved children and orchids,  
Could paint like Velasquez,  
Showed Orange County  
as if it were  
absolute plenitude.  
You wonder, Did I say 'happy'?  
You would:  
The living  
are such absolutists!  
We  
have become relative — "

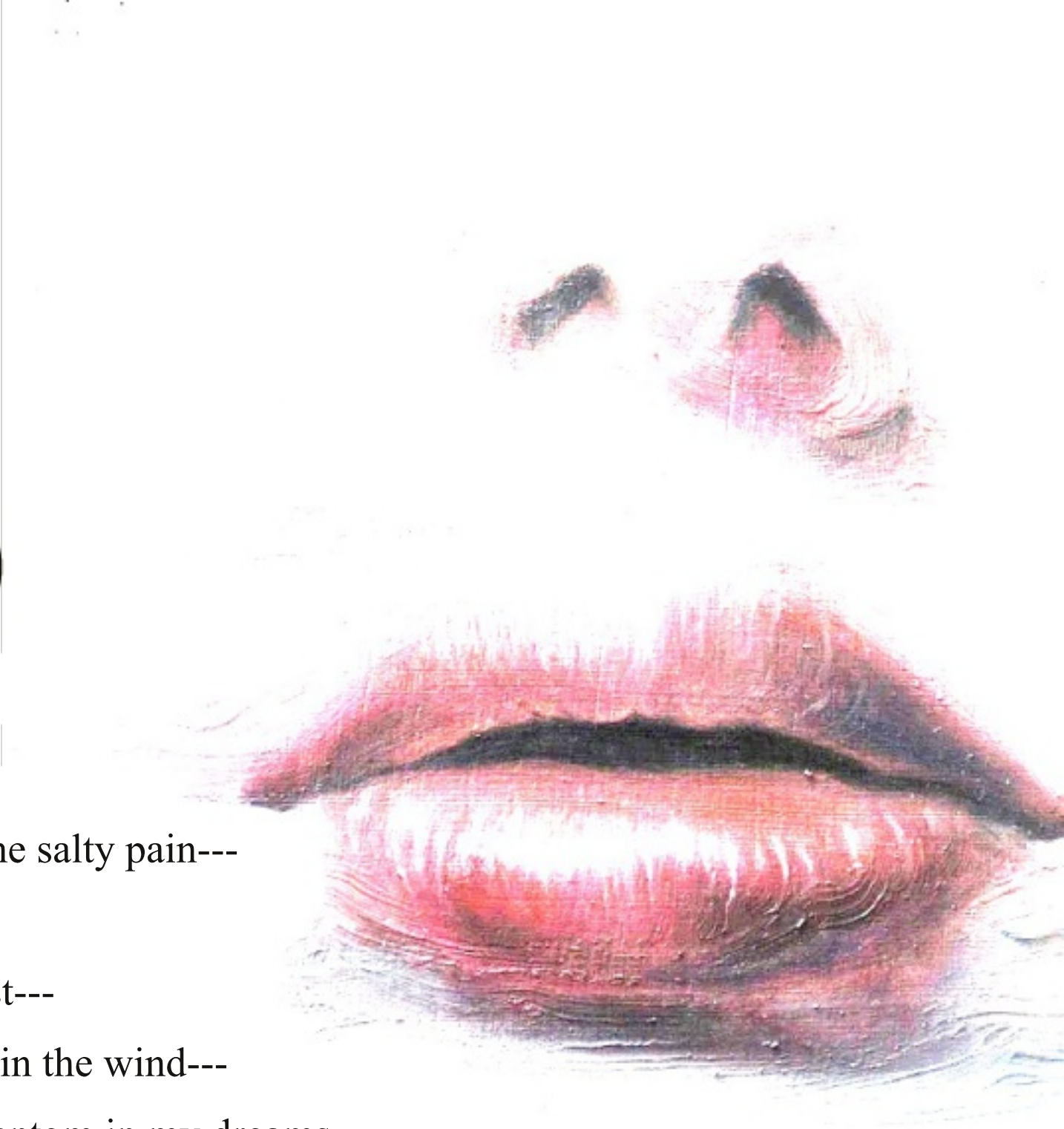
the back  
of my polished hands  
so much  
like yours  
long river deltas  
then space  
then what washes out  
between —  
I don't  
understand yet  
though you said I have a good eye



# Enola Em Go

When you go--  
I won't wallow in some salty pain---  
When you're gone---  
I will dance in the mist---  
I will hear your voice in the wind---  
and feel you like a phantom in my dreams---  
When you're gone---  
Your stain still sits on my skin---  
Your taste still fills my mouth---  
So go on---  
You can leave me here in this sh\*t---  
But I won't wallow in your long gone verbs----  
When you're gone----  
I'll find another d\*ck to lick---  
And I bet it tastes the same-----

©enola em







# AMBITION

By RoseDrop Rust

I live without ambition,  
refuse to face the pain.  
Injured in the action,  
a bullet in my brain.

I feel like singing, and I do it  
not for covers of magazines  
I scribble when, as I see fit.  
for books of paper airplanes.





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